The Sioux outbreak in the year 1862

THE SIOUX OUTBREAK IN THE YEAR 1862, WITH NOTES OF MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THE SIOUX.* BY REV. MOSES N. ADAMS.

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With the rapid and marvelous increase of the white population coming by immigration into Minnesota during the ten or twenty years previous to the Sioux outbreak of August, 1862, there was at the same time the concentration, more and more, of the native Sioux or Dakota Indians, on well defined and smaller reservations.

To this end, new treaties were made by the United States government, providing for the sale of their best and most desirable lands; and new, if not better provision was made by treaty stipulations to induce the lower bands of Sioux on the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers to remove from the lands which they so long had occupied and from the graves of their fathers, and once more to pitch their tents westward, towards the setting sun. This change was the result of the treaty of 1851, at Traverse des Sioux, Minnesota.

Although this movement was not without valuable considerations, it was not altogether satisfactory to the Indians. This, together with the remembrance of former treaties and their failure to realize the stipulated benefits thereof, and their oft repeated wrongs, whether real or only imaginary, all combined to make them feel uncomfortable and restive.

One thing, however, is certain, that the United States government desired to deal fairly with them, as its wards, and had provided well for them. If the treaty stipulations had been honestly and faithfully carried out, the Sioux or Dakotas 432 would have been satisfied for the time, and possibly the outbreak would have been forestalled, Minnesota saved from so

great a sacrifice of life and property, and the national government from a vast amount of trouble and expense.

CAUSES OF THE OUTBREAK.

Many attempts have been made to give the causes of that Sioux 0utbreak in 1862. Whatever were the grievances of the Sioux, although many and great, there was no justifiable cause for that uprising and indiscriminate massacre of the innocent white settlers, men, women and children, without mercy. Yet we cannot afford to ignore the fact that there was much at that time, as there had been for years before in the management of Indian affairs, that was exasperating to the Indians and increasingly provoking and vexatious to them.

It had been previously announced to them, in 1861, in council at Yellow Medicine Agency, Minnesota, that “the Great Father (the President) at Washington was to make them all very glad.”

They had already received their annuities for that year, but were told that the government would give them a further bounty in the autumn. Some of the Indians were pleased with this offer, but others demurred and complained to the general superintendent, asking him, “Where is the promised extra gift to come from?” The superintendent could not or would not tell them, only that “it was to be great and make them very glad.”

By such words the four thousand upper Sioux were encouraged to expect great things. In the autumn of that year 1861 the Sissetons from Lake Traverse came down to the Yellow Medicine Agency, confidently expecting that the promised goods for them would be there; but the low water of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers delayed the arrival of the goods; and the Indians were very greatly disappointed. They waited there, however, and had to be fed by the agent When finally the goods came the deep snows and cold winds of winter had also come, and the proper season for hunting was past and gone.

After all, the promised “great gift” was only $10,000, instead of $20,000 that had been expected. When distributed among so many it would be only about two dollars and fifty cents to each one of them. Many of the Indians, in the meantime, would have earned from fifty to a hundred dollars by hunting. To say the least, that was a great mistake; for more than four thousand disappointed and chagrined Indians had to be fed all that long and severe winter by the Indian agent.

The lower Sioux Indians were so greatly displeased that they positively refused to receive their share of the $10,000 worth of goods until they could ascertain whence they came.

Soon, however, on a change of administration, it appeared, and it was noised abroad, that an effort was made by the administration to change the money annuity into goods, and that there had been sent $70,000 which would be due the next summer. The knowledge of this new departure greatly exasperated the annuity Sioux, and no doubt had much to do with bringing on the outbreak and massacre of 1862.

Furthermore, there were in the country sympathizers with the Southern Rebellion, who, taking advantage of these unfortunate circumstances and of the national troubles, worked upon the fears and hopes of the dissatisfied and restive Sioux to make them more and more uncomfortable and unreconciled to, the state of things. In their party strife and overt disloyalty to the Union, they no doubt carried the matter further than they thought to do; and so they kindled a fire, wild and destructive, which they could not control or extinguish.

As a matter of fact, the Indians had learned that nearly all the white men capable of bearing arms had gone south into the Union army; and they were told that, bad as it was then with them, it would soon be worse, and that the United States government would fail and become bankrupt, and consequently would be unable to make any more payments of annuities to them. In view of all this, the Sioux decided that this was their opportunity to arise and exterminate the whites in Minnesota and to re-possess themselves of the

lands, together with all the improvements. Hence there ensued one of the most terrible and disastrous Indian wars in modern times. 28

434

LITTLE CROW, CONSPIRATOR AND LEADER.

It was on Sunday, August 17th, 1562, when a small party of Sioux, belonging to Little Crow's band, while out ostensibly hunting and fishing at Acton, in Meeker county, Minnesota, obtained from a white man some spirituous liquor, became intoxicated and murdered a white man and a part of his family, which act precipitated the Sioux War. Hence, on the return of the murderers to the Yellow Medicine Reservation, on the Minnesota river, and, on their reporting to their chief, Little Crow, what they had done at Acton the day before, in the murder of the whites, Little Crow said that it was sooner than he had intended, but, now that it was already begun and blood was spilled, the war must go on. Forthwith he called everybody “to arms,” and to fight the white people. He sent his swift messengers to all the different bands of Sioux, not only in Minnesota, but also to all those beyond the Missouri river, in Nebraska, and in what is now Montana and North and South Dakota, calling them all to join in the uprising and the massacre of the white settlers wherever found.

It was a well known and acknowledged fact that Little Crow, only a very short time before this outbreak occurred. had in secret council tampered with more than one of the neighboring tribes of Indians, with the view of securing them as his allies in the contemplated war and massacre of the whites. Only a few days before the outbreak, both the Ojibways and the Winnebagoes, by their representative head men and chiefs respectively, were for several days and nights consecutively in council with Little Crow and his warriors, on the Yellow Medicine reservation. They had little more than reached their homes when the Sioux precipitated that war, which began August 18th at the Lower Agency and thence spread, fearfully desolating and depopulating all that region of the state of Minnesota.

Little Crow not only summoned the Sioux or Dakotas to join in fighting and murdering the white people, after the most despotic manner of the Indians, but he conscripted by a savage and cruel conscription that meant death to every one who should persistently refuse to join the hostile party and go with them on the war-path. His fighting force was variously 435 estimated at from four to six thousand warriors, all of them well armed and equipped, and most of them mounted after the Indian fashion.

THE MASSACRE

The first attack, in force, began at the Lower Sioux Agency, on the Yellow Medicine reservation, about twelve miles above Fort Ridgely, where the hostile Sioux murdered or frightened away the whites, robbed and plundered the homes, warehouses and stores, and then burned these buildings. This they did all the way up on both sides of the Minnesota river as far as Lac qui Parle. No one residing outside of that terror-stricken portion of Minnesota could form any adequate idea of the fearful and dreadful state of things in all that region.

Even some of the loyal and friendly Indians themselves were terrified and frightened away with their families, as in the case of Marpiya Wicasta (Cloud Man), Wamdiokiya (Eagle Help), and Enoch Marpiya-hdi-na-pe (Cloud in Sight), who, with their families, seeing the terrible disaster coming, and not being able to avert it nor willing to connive at the horrible massacre of the white people, fled north to the British possessions, and for the time being took refuge in the province of Manitoba, until the storm was past and peace restored.

The first two of these men. were two of the wisest and most progressive men of the Hazelwood Republic, and were the original leaders and founders of that settlement; and the last one named was an educated Indian, having been our teacher in the Sioux language at Lac qui Parle from 1848 to 1853, and the acting secretary of the Hazelwood Republic in 1862.

The settlers at that season of the year were generally engaged in harvesting their crops, all unarmed and totally unprepared for that awful crisis, when they were suddenly stricken with terror indescribable. Many of them were shot down in their fields and dooryards. Their families were horribly murdered or taken captives by the hostile Indian warriors, and some of them suffered worse than death.

Sudden and unexpected as was the outbreak, yet some of the white people, and some of the friendly and loyal Indians, were enabled to make their escape from the impending fury of the hostile savages. Many were overtaken and murdered while attempting to reach some place of refuge and safety.

436

I was personally acquainted with some of the unfortunate victims of the Sioux War, but can mention only a few of them here.

Amos W. Huggins, the eldest son of Alexander G. Huggins, one of the oldest missionaries laboring among the Sioux for the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, was a Government teacher at Lac qui Parle at the time of the outbreak, and was shot down in sight of his house and almost in the immediate presence of his wife and their little children. Another good man, Philander Prescott. the United States interpreter at the Yellow Medicine Agency, who for almost a lifetime had been a faithful friend and a generous benefactor of the Sioux, seeing the dreadful storm coming, fled for his life, and was overtaken by a hostile Sioux and shot down, without mercy, at a point nearly opposite Fort Ridgely.

Similarly Dr. Philander P. Humphrey and his family, who at that time were at the Lower Sioux Agency, lost their lives. Dr. Humphrey was the Government physician for the Indians there. His family consisted of his wife and three children, the eldest of whom was Johnnie, then nine years old.

Early on Monday morning, August 18th, the first day of the outbreak, the family heard the firing of guns, and caught some glimpses of wild Indians running here and there about the Agency buildings. Finally they became alarmed, and to their surprise they found' that already their neighbors were all gone, and had taken away with them their teams and wagons. Although Mrs. Humphrey was sick and in bed, at the earnest request of her husband, she arose, and, leaning on his strong arm, set out on foot, with their three children. They had left their own horse and carriage, only a short time before the outbreak, at St. Peter, where they had been visiting their friends.

They walked down the hill, crossed the river at the ferry, and wended their way along the Fort Ridgely road about four miles, to what was known as “the Magner place.” Mrs. Humphrey there became faint and almost exhausted, so that they halted for a rest. Finding no water in the pail at the Magner house, Johnnie, their son, took the water pail, and ran down to the spring, in the ravine near-by, to bring some fresh water for his Sick mother. While he was at the spring, the hostile 437 Sioux came and attacked the others of the family at the house, shot and killed Dr. Humphrey, and, in their haste, severed the head from the body, scalped it, and left it about fifty yards distant in the bushes. It was afterward found there by us, on the expedition sent up from Fort Ridgely to reconnoiter and To bury the dead.

It is not certainly known what the hostile Indians did with the remainder of the family. The probability is, that, seeing the fatal result of the attack, in the death of her husband, Mrs. Humphrey took refuge, with her two youngest children in the vacant Magner house, a primitive log cabin, bolted the door, and there perished with the children, the house being burned by the Sioux. Their remains were afterwards found by us in the ashes of thai burned building.

Johnnie Humphrey, hearing the reports of the guns and the noise of the hostile Indians in the murder of his father, did not venture to return to the house, but, having met Mr. Magner, the owner of the house, who was in concealment near the spring, was persuaded

by him, to flee for his life, with him, and try to reach Fort Ridgely. They escaped and made their way, with great peril and difficulty, through the almost impenetrable brush, until they met Captain Marsh and his men, on their way from Fort Ridgely to the Lower Agency.

At Captain Marsh's request, Johnnie returned with the military force. When they arrived at the Magner place, they saw the decapitated body of Dr. Humphrey in the yard, and found the house all on fire. Without stopping to bury the dead, they hastened on, thinking that Mrs. Humphrey and the children had been taken captive by some wild, marauding, drunken Indiana, and, if so, that they would overtake them and rescue them. Onward they went, down the hill, and along the narrow wagon-road, Toward the ferry, near the Lower Agency, when suddenly Little Crow, from the bluff on the opposite side of the Minnesota river, gave the signal, and from three to five hundred Sioux warriors, lying there in ambush at the roadside, fired upon that little detachment of soldiers. Twenty-seven of them instantly fell dead, at the first volley of the Indians. Captain Marsh ordered the survivors to break ranks and escape for their lives, and nine or ten of them, together with little Johnnie Humphrey, escaped alive and finally reached Fort Ridgely.

438

Captain Marsh himself escaped and ran down along the river, to a point at some distance below the ferry, where he probably swam across to the opposite side, and there drowned in the Minnesota river, where his body was afterward found, with no visible marks of violence on it, and with his uniform and side arms all intact. The bodies of his men who fell at or near the ferry were dreadfully hacked and mutilated after they had fallen. So we found them, and sorrowfully interred them, on Sunday, August 31st.

EVENTS OF THE FOLLOWING TWELVE DAYS

Very soon after the outbreak, word came down to us, at St. Peter, that all the missionaries and their families, teachers, visiting friends, and employees at Hazelwood, Yellow Medicine, and the Lower Agency, were murdered by the Indians, and that the buildings

were burned. It was also rumored that Fort Ridgely, Fort Abercrombie, New Ulm and Hutchinson were attacked, and partly destroyed by fire, and that many of the white people were murdered, and many others taken captive. Still there was much uncertainty about what it meant, and by whom it had been done. In the meantime, cries for help were wafted on every breeze that swept over the prairies from that direction. Day and night, almost an unbroken line of refugees came, wending their way into St. Peter, for safety, with a large overflow who hastened on to St. Paul and other cities.

Few, if any, of them could give us any definite and satisfactory account of what was the real trouble, or what the Indians were actually doing, only that “the Indians were killing the whites and burning their houses and homes.”

It should be borne in mind that at that time almost all our able-bodied men at St. Peter and vicinity, as also at other places in Minnesota, had gone into the Union army and were at the South, in the Union service. Those remaining and capable of bearing arms, however, volunteered and went up to New Ulm, to help defend and save that place.

Hon. Charles E. Flandrau, then a citizen of St. Peter, went up to New Ulm, in command of the volunteer forces, chiefly representing Nicollet, Le Sueur, and Blue Earth counties. During the severest fight, which lasted two days, August 23rd 439 and 24th, fourteen of our men were killed, and from fifty to eighty wounded, and the hostile Indians were defeated, this being one of the most important battles of the Sioux War.

The next day after the battle, a council of the surviving soldiers of the command and the citizens of New Ulm was held, and, in view of the facts that the provisions and ammunition were becoming scarce and the sanitary conditions of the place were unsafe, it was decided that the command should evacuate, and that the citizens of New Ulm should leave with them and try to reach Mankato for safety. Accordingly, a train of about a hundred and fifty wagons, loaded with women and children, and with some fifty or eighty wounded men, was taken down by the way of the ford of the Big Cottonwood river, and through Butternut

Valley and South Bend, to Mankato, with no serious casualty occurring daring that entire march of thirty miles from New Ulm.

At about that time, I had the honor (no one else being available and willing) to volunteer my services and carry an important public document which purported to be from Gov. Alexander Ramsey, of St. Paul, addressed to the “Commander of the Volunteer Forces at Mankato, Minnesota.” It was a dark, rainy night when I left St. Peter with that war message, but by Divine grace I made the journey safely to Mankaro, delivered the message, and returned home safely to St. Peter. Afterwards, I was credibly informed that two hostile Indian spies were down that night at the Kasota ferry, and that they saw me drive off of the ferry-boat on my return. My good horse gave me notice at the time, by his usual sign, that Indians were near us. But, as I had only one horse, and as there were two of them, they did not molest me, hoping to do better and secure two horses at some other time and place less exposed.

Those same Indian spies, however, came down, and looked St. Peter over, with its throngs of refugees, who, filled the houses from cellar to attic, and who crowded the streets with their wagons and teams, all of whom they mistook for soldiers: On their return, they reported to Little Crow that “the town of St. Peter was full of soldiers, armed and equipped for the war.” This mistake probably saved St. Peter from an attack by the Indians.

440

At our own house, Then crowded full of refugees, I stood on guard for several nights in succession, with no adequate means of defense or protection. But I greatly desired to do something more and better, and, if possible, something more consistent with my calling; and especially I wished to arrange my affairs so that I might go up to and beyond Fort Ridgely, and assist in recovering and burying the remains of the murdered friends and citizens, many of whom were our personal acquaintances. Mrs. Adams and I therefore decided to leave our house of refugees. Mrs. Adams and Ella, our daughter. would go

down to St. Paul for the time, and I would go to the front as soon as possible. Accordingly I took my family down to Shakopee, and from there sent them on down to St. Paul by the steamer Antelope.

Then I returned and overtook a part of the Sixth Regiment of Minnesota Volunteers, at Belle Plaine, en route for Ft. Ridgely by way of St. Peter. I subjected my horse and buggy to the use of the regiment as an ambulance, and I volunteered to go along as chaplain, until a more permanent one should be appointed. On reaching St. Peter, there was a delay, occasioned by having to wait for necessary supplies of arms and ammunition; although everybody was in a hurry, urging an “onward march to the front, to chastise the murderers of our people.”

At length, so much of the Sixth Regiment as was there marched out from St. Peter westward for Fort Ridgely, and, by invitation of Captain Grant, I was his guest on that expedition. We camped that night only about eight miles from St. Peter. The next day we resumed our march along the old Lac Qui Parle road, a clearly marked “seven path road,” worn through the turf of the prairies.

All the way up to Fort Ridgety, a distance of forty-five miles, the country was practically desolated. Many of the houses and barns had been consumed by fire, and we found the remains of some of the owners, where they were murdered in their dooryards and in their fields, where some of them had fallen beside the last sheaf of grain, raked up and ready to bind, when the fatal, deadly shot struck them down. In some of the houses, we found the table still standing, as if the family 441 had been surprised and taken captive, or frightened away, while about to partake of their breakfast or dinner.

As we drew near to Fort Ringely, on the upland prairie, we found the remains of a, murdered colored man. His body had been badly mutilated. An empty bandbox and the scattered contents were all that was left of his outfit, apparently that of a barber.

As we passed on down the hill, into that deep ravine at the fort, we reached the place where my dear friend and brother, Eliphalet Richardson, of Glencoe, fell into the hands of the hostile Sioux and was shot, as he was riding along that road toward Fort Ridgely to ascertain, if possible. what all the rumors of Indian hostilities meant. Simultaneously, both Mr. Richardson and his horse were fatally shot. He fell dead there, and his horse ran off to the left some fifty or sixty yards, where he fell and was found dead.

Poor Mr. Richardson! He was a brave, noble and self-sacrificing, good man. When his brother was about ready to go over to Fort Ridgely on that trip, to bring news to the terrified people of Glencoe and vicinity, he said, “No, my brother You have a wife and little children to mourn your death, but I have none to mourn for me, if anything should happen to me while over there.” So saying, he seized the reins, sprang into the saddle, and rode away into the very jaws of death, not knowing fully of the terrible state of affairs, nor of the danger and sudden death that awaited him there.

After our arrival at Fort Ridgely, and that of other parts of the Sixth Regiment, there was some delay, occasioned by the want of a sufficient force to warrant a division of it, leaving men enough to hold the fort and protect the refugees then there, and at the same time to take forward an adequate fighting force to meet and chastise the hostile Indians.

At that very time, while we were waiting, there were also at Fort Ridgely nearly one hundred mounted men, on some of the very best horses in Minnesota. These citizens were armed and equipped, ready, as they said “to make a dash on the Indians, and punish the murderers;” but they positively and persistently refused to enlist in the United States army service, or to commit themselves for any definite period of time in the contemplated 442 expedition against the hostile Sioux. And on Saturday morning before we left there, to reconnoiter and bury the dead, that splendid company of men with their horses left Fort Ridgely for their homes. No one of us was glad to see them leave us then and there. General Sibley was deeply moved with sorrow at their conduct and departure, and so expressed himself. I said to General Sibley, “Why did you let them go?” He replied, “Only

because I could not help it. If I had attempted to hold them, there would have been a mutiny on their part. So I had to let them go home."

After their departure, General Sibley gathered up what was left of men and horses that were available for public service. It was ascertained that there were only some fifty or sixty in all. Some of these had saddles and bridles, arms and ammunition, all right; but quite a number of them had only the merest excuses for these things, so necessary for good and efficient cavalry service. Manifestly, many of the horses had never been broken to the saddle, and some of them were not even bridle-wise, n, or at all used to the noise of fire-arms and standing the fire, as in cavalry service. However, they were the best available there for the contemplated expedition.

RECONNAISSANCE AND BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Finally, on Saturday afternoon, General Sibley gave orders that on Sunday morning, August 31st, Company A of the Sixth Regiment, commanded by Capt. Hiram P. Grant, together with as many mounted men as were available, should leave Fort Ridgely and proceed to reconnoiter and bury the dead; that on Sunday night they should encamp at the mouth of Birch Conlie, nearly opposite the Lower Agency; that on Monday they should finish burying the dead. and go into camp on Monday night at the Birch Coulie crossing of the old Lac Qui Parle road: and that the infantry and mounted forces should keep close together for mutual support and protection. Accordingly, on the Sabbath morning, the detachment marched out in the direction of the Lower Sioux Agency.

After we left Fort Ridgely, the mounted force, headed by Maj. Joseph R. Brown. reconnoitered on both sides of the road leading to the Lower Sioux Agency, until they reached the thick growth of bushes and briers, when their horses refused 443 to proceed, and they wheeled into the narrow wagon road. Thence they went before the infantry and the transportation teams, in the line of march, pretty much all the rest of the way.

Before we quite reached the “Magner place,” about eight miles from the fort, we found and interred the bodies of the murdered citizens. On reaching the site of Mr. Magner's log cabin, which had been burned, we found the headless body of Dr. Humphrey, lying where he fell, in the front yard. By making diligent and thorough search. we found the remains of Mrs. Humphrey and of their two children, at least so much as were not consumed by fire, in the cellar, in the ashes of the burned house. Having brought an impromptu coffin, obtained from the post quartermaster at Fort Ridgely for the purpose before leaving there, we gathered up the remains of this little family and placed them all in that large plain coffin and buried them near where we found them.

We proceeded down the hill, and buried the remains of a number of murdered white people at the roadside, usually near where we found them.

At length, we reached the point, near the Lower Agency ferry, where we found the remains of the twenty-seven men of Captain Marsh's company, who fell dead by the fatal shots of three to five hundred of Little Crow's warriors, who, from their ambuscade in the brush, fired upon them with terribly disastrous results. Many of these, our fallen soldiers, we found lying there with their faces to the ground, their bodies riddled with bullets and their backs hacked with knives and tomahawks, presenting a shocking and mournful sight, long to be remembered. There we buried them. That Sabbath day, by us who were on that burying expedition, was one never to be forgotten, as a day of solemn funeral services of the most sad and sorrowful character.

Our reconnoitering party failed to find the remains of Captain Marsh, who was in command of the little force that was surprised and so nearly all murdered by such an overwhelming number of Sioux warriors. His body, however, was afterwards found and recovered by his brother, being taken from the Minnesota river, in which he had perished by drowning. It was removed to Elliota, Minn., for interment.

That Sunday night, we went into camp opposite the Lower Sioux Agency, at the mouth of Birch Coulie, a very much exposed place. Had the hostile Sioux known it, they might have successfully attacked us from at least three sides of our encampment, in that little oaf-stubble field all aglow with our camp fires. Fortunately, however, they were not there to molest us that night.

Nothing of special interest occurred, except that, about midnight, the lieutenant of Captain Grant's company, who was the officer of the day, came into the captain's tent and reported that one of the guard, on duty, was found delinquent of the password for the night. Captain Grant replied, “Lieutenant. that does not accord well with your first report, that you bad ‘the best guard mounted that ever was on duty in the Minnesota valley.’” “Oh no! Captain, but all is right now,” was the lieutenant's reply.

The next morning we finished burying the dead in that vicinity, For the same purpose, a small party crossed the Minnesota river, with Mr. Nathan Myrick, and recovered the body of his brother, Mr. Andrew Myrick, and that of Mr. J. W. Lynd. They were murdered at the Lower Sioux Agency, among the first victims of the outbreak.

BATTLE OF BIRCH COULIE

In the meantime, others, chiefly of the cavalry or mounted men, reconnoitered. A few of them ventured as far up as the Redwood crossing, and there recrossed the Minnesota river, and returned, late in the evening of that day, to Captain Grant's camp, three miles from the mouth of the Birch Coulie, at the crossing of the old Lac Qui Parle road. They reported that they saw no Indians in all that region reconnoitered by them. But the hostile Sioux saw them, and their spies followed them down from the Redwood crossing, saw them ride into that encampment for the night, and then returned and reported to Little Crow.

Thereupon, the entire force of the hostile Sioux marched down that night, and before daylight the next morning attacked Captain Grant and his command in that encampment with most disastrous results, killing twenty-three and wounding sixty of our soldiers and citizens. Ninety-two horses were 445 shot and killed or mortally wounded, including all the transportation teams and nearly all the cavalry horses in that expedition.

The dead horses, however, proved helpful to the survivors in the camp, who promptly utilized them in constructing impromptu barricades or breastworks, behind which they were enabled to withstand the attack, holding the camp against the firing of the Sioux, until they were relieved. But the defence was not without loss of some more of their bravest and best comrades, such as Mr. Holbrook of Belle Plaine and Mr. Dickinson of Henderson, both of whom I had known for many years before that terrible battle.

Fortunately for myself and horse, on the afternoon of Monday, the day before that disaster occurred at Birch Coulie, having finished the burial of the dead up to the mouth of the coulie and in its vicinity, with the leave of Captain Grant, I returned with my horse and buggy to Fort Ridgely, and, as directed by Captain Grant, reported to General Sibley, commander in chief of the Minnesota volunteers.

The next morning, very early, even before it was daylight, after my return to the fort, we heard the firing of guns, but such was the confused sound. and strange reverberation that it seemed almost impossible for any of us, even the most expert men present, including General Sibley and his staff officers, to determine certainly from what direction the reports of musketry came, whether from Captain Grant's camp at Birch Coulie crossing, or from Sew Ulm, down the Minnesota' river.

Finally, General Sibley decided to send up a detachment of soldiers, with orders to go with all possible speed directly to Captain Grant's camp. It was almost noon, however, when all was ready and the relief detachment marched out in that direction, and so nearly was it dark that evening when they neared Captain Grant's camp, about fifteen miles distant

from Fort Ridgely, that they could not in the twilight distinctly and certainly see whether it was his camp or that of the hostile Sioux. So they waited there until the early dawn of the next morning, when they marched into that almost annihilated encampment, strewn with the bodies of our soldiers, and surrounded, as it was, with the dead horses, riddled wagons, and 446 impromptu earthworks. Then they understood why they could not in the dim twilight, of the evening before, recognize the encampment as that of our soldiers.

The following citizens of St. Paul were killed in the Birch Coulie battle, namely, Robert Baxter, Fred S. Beneken, William M. Cobb, John Colledge, George Colter, Robert Gibbons, William Irvine, William Russell, Benjamin S. Terry, and H. Walters. Their bodies were recovered and brought to this city for interment.

Having returned to Fort Ridgely and reported to General Sibley, and having accomplished, as I thought, about all that i could well do as a volunteer chaplain in the public service, and learning that Rev. S. R. Riggs was under appointment as chaplain and designated as interpreter of the Sioux language for that expedition, and that he would soon be there to accompany General Sibley's command, i obtained leave from him and returned home.

SUMMARY OF LOSSES BY THE MASSACRE AND WAR

Various estimates have been made of the number of white people killed by the hostile Sioux in 1862. The most probable number, all told, was not far from five hundred, including the soldiers who fell in the battles at the Lower Agency, New Ulm, Birch Coulie and Wood Lake. That entire portion of the upper Minnesota valley, including the whole or large parts of some fifteen or twenty counties of our state, was fearfully desolated, and for the time almost entirely depopulated. Nor has it yet, in 1899, fully recovered.

The mission stations. the United States Indian agencies, churches and schools, were all broken up, the buildings were burned, and the people were either murdered or frightened'

away. Some of the women and children were taken captive by the hostile Sioux, and while in captivity were in constant fear of death.

AID BY FRIENDLY DAKOTAS.

Very few, if any, of the Christian Sioux, who were them connected with the Presbyterian mission churches among them, were found guilty of participating in that outbreak and the murder of the white settlers in, Minnesota. And it is worthy of record here that all the white people who were rescued 447 and saved alive were directly or indirectly saved by the Christian Indians, who in so doing greatly jeopardized their own lives and those of their families. That so many white people were enabled to escape was, indeed, as if by a special Divine providence and merciful dispensation of God, which to us seemed almost as miraculous as the deliverance of the apostle Peter from prison more than eighteen hundred years ago.

Among the loyal and friendly Dakotas, who were most active and efficient, and who were distinguished for their zeal and helpfulness in behalf of the imperilled and defenceless white people during that dreadful ordeal, I may mention the following names, with brief recital of their heroic aid.

Paul Maza-ku-ta-ma-ne and Antoine Renville were the first to notify Dr. S. R. Riggs and his family, and others then at Hazelwood mission station. and begged them to “hasten and escape.” At midnight these two friendly Sioux guided and otherwise assisted them in their flight through the tall. wet grass, to the Minnesota river; took them in canoes, and piloted their wagons and teams to an island; and there left them for a time in that somewhat concealed place for safety.

Thence these refugees from Hazelwood and its vicinity were led in their escape by Chaskedan (Robert Hopkins), an elder in Dr. Williamson's mission church, who kindly drove Dr. Williamson's team and guided the escaping party successfully out through the lines of the mounted hostile Indians, although they were vigilantly patrolling all that region

and were conscripting every Sioux into the war against the whites. Chaskedan is the same full-blooded Indian who, when a boy, with his father. near Lae Qui Parle, several years before the outbreak, had saved Mr. Joseph A. Wheelock from drowning in the Chippewa river.

Simon Andwag-ma-ne, another good man. when Dr. Williamson's team had been taken away before he decided to leave, brought his own ox team and strong wagon, and gave them to the doctor, thus enabling him add his family to escape from the impending danger and make their way to St. Peter. Anawag-ma-ne was the same brave and kind man who afterwards befriended Mrs. Newman and her captive children while in camp, and, at an opportune time, brought them down in his one-horse wagon, through the lines of the hostile Sioux, in safety to Fort Ridgely.

448

Enoch Marpiya-hdi-na-pe (Cloud in Sight), another fullblood Dakota Indian, who was in sympathy with the whites, very early in that momentous crisis warned Dr. Williamson of the uprising and the murderous designs of the Indians, and of the fearful possibility that he and other friendly Indians might not much longer be able to protect him and his family and save them alive. He entreated Dr. Williamson to leave and try to reach a place of safety before it would be too late, thus leading him to escape with the Hazelwood party.

Lorenzo Lawrence, also a full-blood Dakota, in the midst of that fiery trial, left Hazelwood with canoes lashed together side by side, and hiding by day and paddling the canoes by night, brought down a precious cargo, comprising Mrs. De Camp and her three children and Mrs. Robideau and five children, together with his own wife and five children, sixteen in all, and landed them safely at Fort Ridgely. When Mrs. De Camp's little child fell overboard in the darkness of the night, Lorenzo plunged into the river and rescued and restored it to its mother's arms; and this was characteristic of that good man, whom I knew from 1848 to the day of his death.

Wakan-ma-ne (Walking Spirit), very early after the outbreak occurred, like a tender and compassionate father, took charge of Mrs. Amos W. Huggins and her two little children, after her husband was killed, August 19th, at Lac Qui Parle. He protected them from the hostile Sioux, gave them food and shelter, and faithfully delivered them in safety to General Sibley at Camp Release. Amanda, Wakan-ma-ne's wife, in her sympathy and kind care of Mrs. Huggins and her little children, walked down thirty miles and back to obtain flour and make wheat bread for them, during their captivity, the mother and children not being able to eat the corn used in the tent life of the Dakotas.

There were also a number of other good Christian Indian women who joined heartily and faithfully in befriending and helping the white people. Among them was Zoe, who very considerately and in the nick of time carried the forgotten bag of bread from the mission home over to Mrs. Riggs, while as yet the party were in their hiding place on the island opposite the Hazelwood mission station. In like manner Winyah, a 449 devoted Christian woman, early notified the whites of the reported trouble and of their peril, and in many ways did all she could to help them make their escape.

Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Antoine Renville, and Mrs. John B. Renville, Christian Dakota women of influence and of sympathy with the white people, made great sacrifices and took great risks in helping them to escape in safety from death; and meantime they did all they could to quell the outbreak and protect the captives.

Rev. John B, Renville and his brothers, Antoine and Michael, and others associated with them at the Hazelwood Republic, formed a nucleus and did stalwart service in quelling the outbreak, in rescuing and saving the prisoners from death, and in aid of their final release.

Last, but by no means least, was John Otherday (Angpetu Tokecha), a Dakota who had married a white woman. He lived at Yellow Medicine Agency, and had renounced the heathenism of the Sioux and abandoned the war-path. On profession of his faith in Christ, he had been received into Dr. Williamson's church, of which he was then a member.

Hearing of the trouble at the Lower Sioux Agency, and knowing that it was not in his power to stop it, nor, indeed, to protect and defend his white friends from its fearful march and fatal results, he thought that the best thing he could then do, in the circumstances, was to try to save the white people by aiding their escape. Accordingly, he gathered some sixty-two white people, including forty-two women and children, and on August 19th took up the line of march, crossing the Minnesota river, and, under his guidance, the party made their way out over the prairies, by way of Hutchinson and Henderson, to Shakopee and St. Paul, in safety. On his arrival at St. Paul, John Otherday publicly said, “This deliverance I attribute to the mercy of the Great Spirit,” meaning that it was the gospel of Christ which had led him to befriend and guide that company in the midst of so great peril, bringing them safely to their friends, with so much joy and thankfulness.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND THEIR RESULTS

The wonderful changes in the Sioux or Dakota people within the last half century, and the truly marvelous results of 29 450 the efforts made for their intellectual, moral and spiritual improvement, should not be overlooked by us in our review of the Sioux outbreak and war.

Long before the outbreak, the Sioux were known for their bravery, and distinguished for their warlike disposition. So fierce and cruel were they in their hostility and bloodthirsty warfare, that they were commonly styled “the bloody Sioux.” Yet they were very much like all other heathen people, without the gospel of Christ and the blessings of Christian civilization.

Providentially and geographically, the Sioux and other Indians of our country were at our very doors, and therefore they had special claims on us, the people of the United States, for our sympathy and helping hand. To this end and on this line, much had been done for the Sioux people, both by the United States government and by the Christian churches and their boards for home and foreign missions, to educate, train, and instruct them in the new and better ways of Christian civilization and Christianity. Great sacrifices were

made, in this Christian and truly philanthropic work, in behalf of these aborigines of our country. For many years “the good seed of the kingdom” was sown, and many prayers and entreaties to God were offered in their behalf; much money was expended for them; and many precious elect lives were laid on the altar of consecrated service for them.

It was my privilege, coming here for mission work at Lac Qui Parle in 1848, to be associated with some of these pioneer missionaries, namely, Rev. T. S. Williamson, M. D., and his son, Rev. John P. Williamson; Rev. S. R. Riggs and his sons; Revs. Samuel and Gideon H. Pond; Rev. Robert Hopkins; Rev. Joshua Potter; Rev. John F. Aiton; and Rev. Joseph W. Hancock. Many of these have ceased from their labors and entered into their rest, “and their works do follow them.”

Before the Sioux outbreak and massacre of the whites, and at that time, the medicine men and warriors of the Sioux nation said that, in the contemplated war with the white people, they would surely succeed. They stipulated that, if they should not overcome and destroy the whites, then the “Taku Wakan” of the Sioux or Dakotas is false and must be renounced 451 by them, and the white people's God would be the true God and their God. Accordingly it was believed that the gods of the Sioux nation fought. When they were defeated, it was seen that the brightest and mightiest of the stars in the entire Dakota mythology, as known to them, had fought, but were overcome. It was therefore acknowledged that the “Taku Wakan” of their fathers was false, unworthy to be trusted, and had failed them in the day of battle, as at Wood Lake, when Little Crow and Little Six, and the hostile Sioux generally, were driven back, and fled to the broad plains beyond, defeated and utterly routed.

After the decisive battle of Wood Lake, there was a wonderfully great change in the Sioux nation. Their heathen gods had utterly failed them. Great multitudes of them turned to God; and ever since that time there has been an open door for the preaching and teaching of the gospel of Christ among the Dakotas, as never before.

What now are the facts and figures showing the results of missionary work among the Dakotas, since the reconstruction and new order of things, for their uplifting and salvation? Only a few of them can here be mentioned.

Without boasting or making any invidious comparisons, or in the least depreciating the labors and results of others among the Sioux (or Dakotas, as they themselves prefer to be called), I would state that the Presbyterian Church alone, and its missionary boards, have, according to the last reports, published in the Minutes of the General Assembly of May, 1898, the following interesting statistics of their work and membership: 19 native Dakota ordained ministers; 4 candidates, and 1 licentiate; 23 organized Presbyterian churches, with 69 ruling elders, ordained to the work, and 27 deacons, elect and set apart to the office; 1,334 church members, in good and regular standing; and 600 Sunday school scholars. Within the preceding year, $448 were contributed for miscellaneous purposes; $1,774 for home missions; $65 for foreign missions; $1,976 for their own church expenses, and $105 as their share of the General Assembly fund. Besides, they also made very commendable contributions to each of the other Boards of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. Most of these 452 Dakota churches now have neat and comfortable houses of worship of their own, all paid for on or before the day of dedication.

The Dakota people also have schoolhouses on their respective reservations; and some of them have boarding schools for manual training. They are interested in the education and training of their children and youth; and many of the parents, whom I have known, make great sacrifices in order to keep their children in school so long as to become well educated and fitted for usefulness in life.

In connection with their churches, they have pretty much all the usual voluntary societies and associations, as of Christian Endeavor, etc., each in its place, doing a good work.

In view of what God has done among the Sioux or Dakotas, and what he is now doing, for their enlightenment. uplifting and salvation, through all the agencies of Christian mission

work among them, we may well exclaim, “Behold what God hath wrought! It is marvelous in our eyes!”